AN ENGLISH-MANS LOVE TO BOHEMIA:

WITH

A friendly Farewell to all the noble Souldiers that goe from great Britaine to that honorable Expedition.

AS ALSO,

The names of the most part of the Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquisses, Earles, Bishops, and other friendly Confederates, that are combined with the Bohemian part.

By IOHN TAYLOR.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

We beare the outward forme of Martialiſts,
But worth and manhood in the minde conſiſts.
And noble Souldiers that our ſhapes do ſee,
We are but ſhadowes, you the ſubſtance be.



TO THE HONORABLE *WELL APPROVED AND* accompliſht Souldier, Sir *Andrew Gray*, Knight; Colonell of the forces of Great Britaine, in this noble Bohemian *Preparation.*

SIR ANDREVV GRAIE.
Anagramma.
I GARDE IN WARRES.

Honorable Knight:

I Here are two eſpeciall Cauſes that haue moued me moſt boldly to thruſt theſe rude lines into the world: the firſt is my hearty affection to the generality of the cauſe you vndertake, (which I beleeue God and his beſt ſeruants do affect:) and the other is my loue and ſeruice which I owe to your worthy ſelfe in particular, for many vndeſerued friendſhips which I haue receiued from you, and many of your noble friends for your ſake. Ingratitude is a Diuell, ſo farre worſe then all the diuels, that if it ſhould craue harbor

of me, in the likeneſſe of an Angell of light, yet I would neuer be perſwaded to entertaine it. My thankfull acknowledgement of your goodneſſe towards mee is my prayers and beſt wiſhes, which ſhall euer be a poore requitall towards you, not forgetting my thanks in the behalfe of all the worthy Ladies and others of that Angelicall ſex that are maried and reſident in London, whoſe chaſt honours you (as became a true Knight) defended, when an audacious Frenchman moſt ſlanderouſly did (without exception) ſwear there was not one honeſt woman dwelling within the boundes of this populous City, but that they had all generally abuſed the bed of mariage: then did your noble ſelfe inforce the peſtiferous peſant to ſwallow his odious calumny, and in humility to confeſſe there were fifty thouſand or a greater number that neuer had wronged their husbands in that vnlawfull act. I haue made bold to ſpeake of this matter here, becauſe the abuſe was ſo generall, & your quarrell ſo honorable, which I think vnfit to be buried in ſilence or forgetfulneſſe: howſoeuer, I craue you pardon and worthy acceptance, whilſt I moſt obſequiouſly remaine

Euer to be commanded by you,

Iohn Taylor.

A FRIENDLY FAREWEL to all the noble Souldiers that goe *out of Great Britaine vnto* BOHEMIA.

WArres, noble Warres,
and manly braue deſignes;
Where glorious valour
in bright armour ſhines:
Where God with guards of Angels
doth defend,
And beſt of Chriſtian Princes doe befriend,
Where mighty Kings in glittering burniſht armes
Lead bloody bruſing battels, and alarmes,
VVhere honour, truth, loue, royall reputation,
Make Realmes and Nations ioyne in combination,
Bohemia, Denmarke and Hungaria,
The vpper and the lower Bauaria,
The two great Counties of the Pallatine,
The King of Sweden friendly doth combine,
The Marqueſſe and Elector Brandenburge,
The Dukes of Brunſwicke, and of Lunenburge,

Of Holsten, Deuxpont, and of Wittemberge,
Of the low-Saxons, and of Mackelberge,
* Prince of Aſcania. Braue Heſſens Lantſgraue, Anholts worthy* Prince,
The inhance Townes, whom force cannot conuince:
Prince Maurice, and the States of Netherlands,
And th'ancient Knights of th'Empire lend their hands.
Theſe and a number more then I haue nam'd,
Whoſe worths and valours through the world are fam'd,
With many a Marqueſſe, Biſhop, Lord and Knight
Biſhops of Halberſtadt, Magenberg, Hilſheine, Oſenburgh T'oppoſe foule wrong, and to defend faire right:
Whoſe warlike troops aſſembled brauely are
To ayde a gracious Prince in a iuſt warre.
For God, for Natures, and for Nations lawes
The Marqueſſe of Auſpaſh, Cullinbagh, Durlagh. This martiall armie vndertakes this cauſe;
And true borne Britaines, worthy countrymen,
Reſume your ancient honors once agen.
I know your valiant minds are ſharpe and keene
The Count Palatine of Lowtrecke and Luxenburgh. To ſerue your Soueraignes daughter, Bohems Queene.
I know you need no ſpur to ſet you on,
But you thinke dayes are yeares till you are gon;
And being gone, you'le wealth and honour win,
The States of Veniee & Sauoy. Whilſt ryot here at home addes ſin to ſin.
You (God aſſiſting) may do mighty things,
Make Kings of captiues, and of captiues Kings,
Riches and loue thoſe that ſuruiue ſhall gaine,
And fame, and Heauen the portion of the ſlaine.
The wounds and ſcarres more beautifull will make
Thoſe that doe weare them for true honours ſake.
Since God then in his loue did preordaine
That you ſhould be his Champions, to maintaine

His

His quarrell, and his cauſe; a fig for foes,
God being with you, how can man oppoſe?
Some may obiect, Your enemies are ſtore:
If ſo, your fame and victori's the more;
Men do win honour when they cope with men,
The Eagle will not triumph o're a wren:
The Lyon with the Mouſe will not contend,
Nor men gainſt boyes and women wars will bend,
But clouds of duſt and ſmoak, and bloud and ſweat
Are the maine meanes that will true honour get.
Thus to fames altitude muſt men aſpire
By noble actions, won through ſword and fire,
By trumpets clangor, drums, guns, flute or fife:
For as there is an end to euery life,
And man well knowes that one day he muſt end it,
Let him keep't well, defend, and brauely ſpend it.
O griefe to ſee how many ſtout men lye
Halfe rotten in their beds before they dye;
Some by foule ſurfets, ſome by odious whoring,
In miſery lye ſtinking and deploring,
And e're a lingring death their ſad life ends,
They are moſt tedious loathſome to their friends;
Waſting in phiſicke, which addes woe to griefe
That which ſhould yeeld their families reliefe:
At laſt when wiſhed death their cares do cure,
Their names like to their bodies lie obſcure.
Whereas the ſouldiour with a Chriſtian breſt,
Wars for his Soueraignes peace, and Countries reſt:
He to his Makers will, his will inclines,
And ne're gainſt heauen impatiently repines,

He to his Sauiour ſayes, that thou art mine,
And being thou redeem'ſt me, I am thine,
That if I liue or die, or die or liue,
Bleſt be thy name whether thou take or giue.
This reſolution peirces heauens high roofe,
And armes a ſouldier more then Cannon proofe.
Suppoſe his life ends by ſome noble wounds,
His ſoule to heauen, from whence it came rebounds:
Suppoſe blowne vp with powder vp he flies,
Fire his impurity repurifies,
Suppoſe a ſhot peirce through his breſt or head
He nobly liu'd and nobly he is dead,
He lies not bedred ſtinking, nor doth raue
Blaſpheming againſt him, that him ſhould ſaue,
Nor he in Phificke doth conſume and ſpend
That which himſelfe and others ſhould defend,
He doth not languiſh, drawing loathſome breath,
But dies before his friends doe wiſh his death,
And though his earthly part to earth doth paſſe,
His fame out weares a monument of braſſe.
Moſt worthy countrymen, coragious hearts,
Now is the time, now act braue manly parts,
Remember you are ſonnes vnto ſuch ſires
Whoſe ſacred memories the world admires,
Make your names fearefull to your foes againe
Like Talbot to the French, or Drake to Spaine:
Thinke on braue valiant Eſſex, and Mountioy,
And Sidney, that did Englands foes deſtroy,
With noble Norris, Williams, and the Veares,
The Grayes, the Willoughbies all peerleſſe Peers,

And when you thinke what glory they haue won,
Some worthy actions by you will be done.
Remember Poicteirs, Creſſy, Agincourt,
With Bullen, Turwin, Turnyes warlike ſport,
And more (our honours higher to aduance)
Our King of England was crown'd King of France,
In Paris, thus all France we did prouoake
T'obay and ſerue vnder the Engliſh yoake.
In Ireland 18 bloudy fields we fought,
And that fierce Nation to ſubiection brought,
Beſides Tyrones rebellion, which foule ſtrife
Coſt England many a pound, loſt many a life,
And before we were Scotlands, or it ours,
How often haue we with oppoſed powers
In moſt vnneighboutly, vnfriendly manners,
With hoſtile armes, diſplaying bloudy banners:
With various victories on either ſide,
Now vp, now downe, our fortunes haue bin tride,
What one fight winnes, the other loſing yeelds,
In more then ſixſcore bloudy foughten fields.
But ſince that we and they, and they and we
More neere then brethren, now conioyned be,
Thoſe ſcattering powers we each gainſt other lead,
Being one knit body, to one royall head.
Then let this Iland, Eaſt, Weſt, South and North
Iointly in theſe braue warres emblaze our worth.
And as there was a ſtrife, that once befell
Twixt men of Iuda, and of Iſrael:
Contending which ſhould loue King Dauid beſt,
And who in him had greateſt intereſt:

34 Battells fought in France by Engliſhmen ſince the Conqueſt. Henry the ſixt.

Long may contention onely then be thus
Twixt vs and Scotland, and twixt them and vs,
Still friendly striuing which of vs can be
Most true and loyall to his Maiesty.
This is a strife will please the God of peace,
And this contending will our loues increase.
You hardy Scots remember Royall *Bruce*,
And what stout *Wallace* valour did produce:
The glorious name of *Stewarts*, *Hamiltons*,
The *Ereskins*, *Morayes*, and the *Leuingstons*,
The noble *Ramsaies*, and th'illustrious *Hayes*,
The valiant *Dowglasses*, the *Grimes* and *Grayes*,
The praise of sir Iames Dowglas, in the raigne of K. Robert Bruce 1330
Great Sir *Iames Dowglas*, a most valiant Knight
Lead seauenty battles with victorious fight,
Not by Lieutenants, or by deputation,
But he in person wanne his reputation.
The Turkes and Sarazens he ouercame,
In 13. maine battells he ouercame Gods enemies, and at last was slaine.
Where ending life he purchast endlesse fame,
And his true noble worth is well deriu'd
To worthies of that name that since suruiu'd.
Then since both nations did and do abound
With men approu'd, and through all Lands renown'd,
Through Europe, and through Asia, further farre,
Then is our blest Redeemer Sepulchre.
Through all the coasts of tawny Affrica,
And through the bounds of rich America.
And as the world our worths acknowledge must,
Let not our valour sleeping lye and rust:
But to immortalize our Britaines name,
Let it from imbers burst into a flame.

We haue that Land and ſhape our elders had,
Their courages were good, can ours be bad?
Their deedes did manifeſt their worthy mindes,
Then how can we degenerate from kindes?
In former times we were ſo giuen to warre
(Witneſſe the broyles twixt Yorke and Lancaſter)
Hauing no place to forreigne foes to goe,
Amongſt our ſelues, we made our ſelues a foe
Full threeſcore yeares with fierce vnkinde alarmes,
Were practis'd fierce vnciuill ciuill armes,
Whilſt foureſcore Peeres of the bloud royall died,
With hundred thouſands commoners beſide.
Thus Engliſhmen to warres did beare good will,
They would be doing although doing ill.
And Scotlands hiſtorie auoucheth cleare,
Of many ciuil warres, and tormoyles there,
Rebellion, diſcord, rapine and foule ſpoyle
Hath peirc't the bowels of their natiue ſoile,
Themſelues againſt themſelues, Peeres againſt Peeres,
And kin with kin together by the eares,
The friend gainſt friend, each other hath withſtood,
Vnfriendly friends weltering in their bloud.
Thus we with them, and they with vs contending,
And we our ſelues, and they themſelues thus rending,
Doth ſhew that all of vs haue euer bin
Addicted vnto martial diſcipline:
Spaine can report, and Portingale can tel,
Denmarke and Norway both can witneſſe wel,
Sweden and Poland truely can declare
Our ſeruice there, and almoſt euery where.

The low countries, Holland, Zeland &c.

And *Belgia but for the Engliſh and the Scots,
Perpetuall ſlauery had beene their lots
Vnder the great commanding power of Spaine,
By th'Prince of Parma's and the Archdukes traine.
Farre for my witneſſes I neede not looke,
'Tis writ in many a hundred liuing booke.
And Newports famous battell brauely tels
The Engliſh and the Scots in fight excels:
Yea all, or moſt townes in thoſe ſeauenteene Lands
Haue felt the force, or friendſhip of their hands.
Oſtend whoſe ſiege all ſieges did ſurpaſſe
That will be, is, or I thinke euer was,
In three yeares, three moneths, Scots and Engliſhmen
Did more then Troy accompliſhed in ten.
Oſtend endur'd (which ne'er will be forgot)
Aboue ſeauen hundred thouſand Cannon ſhot:
And, as if hell againſt it did conſpire,
They did abide death, dearth, and ſword and fire.
There danger was with reſolution mixt,
And honour with true valour firmly fixt.
Were death more horrid then a Gorgons head,
In his worſt ſhapes they met him, free from dread.
There many a Britaine dide, and yet they liue
In fame, which fame to vs doth courage giue.
At laſt when to an end the ſiege was come,
The gainers of it, caſt their loſing ſumme,
And the vneuen reckoning thus did runne:
The winners had moſt loſſe, the loſers wonne;
For in this ſiege vpon the Archdukes ſide
Seauen Maſters of the Campe all wounded dide.

And

And fifteene Colonels in that warre deceast:
And Serieant Mayors twenty nine, at least.
Captaines fiue hundred sixty fiue were slaine.
Lieutenants (whilst this Leaguer did remaine)
One thousand, and one hundred and sixteene
Dyed, and are now as they had neuer beene.
Ensignes three hundred twenty two, all euen:
And nineteene hundred Serieants and eleuen.
Corp'rals and Lantzprizadoes death did mixe
In number seauenteene hundred sixty sixe.
Of Souldiers, Mariners, women, children, all,
More then seauen times ten thousand there did fall.
Thus Ostend was at deare rates wonne and lost,
Besides these liues, with many millions cost.
And when 'twas wonne, 'twas wonne but on conditions,
On honourable tearmes, and compositions:
The winners wanne a ruin'd heape of stones,
A demi-Golgotha of dead mens bones.
Thus the braue Britaines that the fame did leaue,
Left nothing in it worthy to receiue.
And thus from time to time, from age to age,
To these late dayes of our last pilgrimage,
We haue bin men with martiall minds inspir'd,
And for our meeds, belou'd, approu'd, admir'd.
Men prize not Manhood at so low a rate
To make it idle and effeminate:
And worthy Countrymen I hope and trust
You'le do as much as your forefathers durst,
A faire aduantage now is offered here
Whereby your wonted worths may well appeare,

And he that in this quarrell will not ſtrike,
Let him expect neuer to haue the like.
He that ſpares both his perſon and his purſe,
Muſt (if euer he vſe it) vſe it worſe.
And you that for that purpoſe go from hence
To ſerue that mighty Princeſſe, and that Prince,
Ten thouſand, thouſand praiers ſhall euery day
Implore th' Almighty to direct your way.
Goe on, goe on, braue ſouldiers, neuer ceaſe
Till noble warre, produce a noble peace.

A briefe Deſcription of Bohemia.

THe Kingdome of Bohemia is well peopled with many braue horſemen and footmen: rich, fruitfull, and plentifully ſtored (by the Almighties bounty,) with all the treaſuries of Nature ſet for the vſe and commodity of man: it hath in it of Caſtles and walled townes, to the number of 780 and 32000 villages; by a grant from the Emperor *Charles* the fourth, it was freed for euer of the payments of all contributions to the Empire whatſoeuer; Morauia, Sileſia, and Luſatia are as large as Bohemia, well repleniſhed with ſtout horſmen and footmen.

FINIS.

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